The Serving-man become

A

Queen.

Jockey of the Green.

The lafs of Richmond hill.

Alnwick Printed.

The famous Flower of Serving-men,

or

The Lady turned to be a Serving-man.

(To the tune of Flora's farewell.)

YOU beauteous ladies great and ſmall
I write to you one and all
Whereby that you may underſtand
What I have ſuffer'd in this land.

I was by birth a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir;
But when my good old father died,
Then I was made a young knight's bride.

But when my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you never did ſee,
Than my true love did build for me.

But there came thieves late in the night,
That robb'd my bower and ſlew my knight.
And after that my knight was ſlain,
I could no longer there remain.

My ſervants all from me did fly,
In the midſt of my ſad extremity:
And left me by myſelf alone,
With heart more cold than any ſtone.

Yet though my heart was full of care
Heav'n ſuffered me not to deſpair;
Wherefore in haſte I changed my name,
From fair Alice to ſweet William.

And therewithal I cut my hair,
And dreſt myſelf in man's attire,
With doublet, hoſe, and beaver hat,
And a gold band about my neck.

A ſilver rapier by my ſide,
So like a gallant I did ride,
The thing that I delighted on,
It was to be a ſerving man.

Thus in my ſumptuous man's array,
I bravely rode along the way;
And at the laſt it chanced ſo,
I unto the king's court did go.

Then to the king I bowed full low,
My love and duty for to ſhow,
And ſo much favour I did crave,
That I a ſervant's place might have.

Stand up brave youth the king replied
Thy ſervice ſhall not be deny'd,
But tell me firſt what thou can'ſt do,
Thou ſhall be fitted thereunto.

Will thou be uſher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Wilt thou be taſter of my wine,
To wait upon me whilſt I dine.

Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,
To make my bed ſo ſoft and fine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guards?
And I will give thee great reward.

Sweet William with a ſmiling face,
Said to the king, if it pleaſe your Grace
To ſhew ſuch favour unto me,
I your chamberlain would be.

Now mark what ſtrange things came to paſs
As the king one day a hunting was,

With all his lords and noble Train,
Sweet William did at home remain.

Sweet William had no company then,
At home with him but an old man;
And when she saw the house was clear,
He took a lute which he had there.

Upon the lute sweet William played,
And to the same he sung and said
With pleasant and most noble voice,
Which made the old man to rejoice.

" My father was a noble lord,
" As ever Europe did afford;
" My Mother was a lady bright,
" My husband was a gallant knight.

" And I myself a lady gay,
" Bedecked with glorious rich array;
" The bravest lady in the land
" Had no more pleasures at command.

" I had my music every day,
" Harmonious lessons for to play,
" I had my virgins fair and free,
" continually to wait on me.

"But now, alas! my husband's dead
" And all my friends are from me fled;
" My former joys are past and gone,
" For now I am a serving man."

At last the king from hunting came,
And presently upon the same,
He called for the good old man,
And thus to speak he thus began.

What news what news old man quoth he,
What news has thou to tell to me,
Brave news the old man then did say,
Sweet William is a lady gay.

If this be true thou tellest to me,
I'll make thee lord of high degree,
But thy words do prove a lie,
Thou shalt be hang'd up instantly.

But when the king the truth had found,
His joys did more and more abound:
According as the old man did say,
Sweet William is a lady gay.

Therefore the king without delay,
Put on his glorious rich array,
Upon her head a crown of gold,
Which was most famous to behold.

And then for fear of further ſtriſe,
He took ſweet William for his wife;
The like before was never ſeen,
A ſerving man to be a queen.

JOCKEY OF THE GREEN.

NAE mair ye bonny laſſes gay,
Your blitheſome ſonnets now diſplay,
For Jem of Aberdeen;
But join your voices now with me,
And as we gang alang the lee,
Sing Jockey of the Green.

His locks like ony ſun beams play,
When Phœbus gilds the firſt of May,
His face is ruddy ſeen;
And then he trips wi' ſic a grace,
All other lads to him give place,
Sweet Jockey of the green.

At kirk he ſays he'll tak my hand,
Wha can his bonny ſuit withſtand?
He ſmiles ſae ſweet I ween;
I vow my heart cannot deny,
With his kind wiſh I ſhall comply,
My Jockey of the Green

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a laſs,
More bright than May day morn,
Whoſe charms all other maids ſurpaſs,
A roſe without a thorn.
This laſs ſo neat, with ſmiles ſo ſweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns reſign. to call her mine,
Sweet laſs of Richmond hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
O whiſper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

How happy will the ſhepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own,
O may her choice be fixt on me,
Mine's fixt on her alone.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

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